

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF BROTHER HERRINGTON.

William H. Herrington was born Dec. 16, 1846, in Somerset Co., Pa., and died at St. Francis hospital, Freeport, Ill., July 22, 1895, aged 48 years, 7 months and 6 days.

Brother Herrington came to Carroll county Ill., with his parents in 1854, when he was but seven years old. He was married to Miss Sadie Miller at her home in Wysox on Dec. 10, 1872, by Elder Jacob Hauger. In the spring of 1874, he, with his wife and one child, moved to Falls City, Neb. They returned in the fall of the same year. On Dec. 21, 1875, death visited his home and plucked the only flower God had adorned this household with. This bud of promise, ere the flower burst forth, was stricken with the worst form of croup, and in the midst of sorrow afflicted parents, quieted and hushed and comforted by a dying child, the sweet innocent son fell asleep in Jesus, surrounded by the heavenly hosts. These were his words: "Mamma, don't cry; see the nicies," pointing toward a wall unadorned with picture or flower.

This union was blessed with five children—Milton, who died at this time; Daniel, Annie, Mamie and Minnie, who are here present.

When Brother Herrington returned from Nebraska, he purchased a part of what is now known as Spring Lawn farm. In 1878, he purchased the remainder and moved into the present home. He made fine stock raising a specialty and succeeded admirably in that line. He gave his heart and life to Jesus in the winter of 1875, and was immersed in Otter Creek by elder Jacob Trostle, after the removal of a foot of ice. His faith in Christ never failed nor faltered and as he grew in years, he grew in service and work for his Master.

On Dec. 20, 1894, while returning to his home from Lanark, he was thrown from his wagon and had his right limb broken between the knee and hip. Physicians were called and the fractured limb was set. The first attempt was unsuccessful, and a second was made, which also proved unavailing. Then on the 14th of May he was taken to St. Francis hospital at Freeport and put under the care of Drs. Caldwell and Staley. On the 16th day of the month, the last operation was performed; the ends of the fractured bone were sawed off, united and wired together in two places. It was with extreme difficulty that he recovered from this severe shock, but with the best of care he rallied and soon began to improve. The bones knit very nicely and

he was doing exceedingly well, until three weeks ago, when the doctors prepared him to get out in an invalid's chair, but when the chair was brought by his wife, she found him sick. This sickness proved to be erysipelas. All that the physicians, good nursing and care could do, was done and the disease was broken up and overcome. New complications would set in and new victories be won, and then it would break out in still another form, until finally it took lodgment in the brain, which proved fatal. He quietly and calmly fell asleep in Jesus, Monday at 1:00 o'clock P. M.

The great desire of his life, especially the last seven months, was the cause of Christ. How he longed to be at church services! How he was missed; one who was so seldom absent from the sanctuary, whose heart and soul were in the work so many years, was now yearning for the joy of his life—worshipping with God's people. While at Freeport with his wife, talking over the prospects of the future, he said: "Mamma, as soon as I can go home we will have a praise and experience meeting on our lawn and invite all the ministers and their members and friends and everybody that would like to come, and then we will have a grand jubilee." This jubilee he realized in the land of eternal joy and peace and health and righteousness, and where the ills of this life can never come to break his happiness and mar his peace. In his long and painful experience of seven months upon his back, he seldom murmured, more especially the last six months. One of the sisters of the hospital, who has had twelve years' experience as a nurse, said she never saw a sick person manifest such patience and cheerfulness. He was an ardent lover of music and spent many of his lonely moments in singing the blessed hymns of Zion. When he could not sing he would whistle. Early one morning he whistled "Wonderful Words of life," and when he struck the chorus a good Methodist sick brother, in a room across the hall shouted, "Amen! amen! Bless the Lord." This aged man afterward visited Brother Herrington and told him that when he heard him whistle that hymn he knew he was a Christian. Some of his favorite songs were, "We are on the way," "I will meet you in the city of the New Jerusalem" and "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." The last song is the last one he sang entirely through. What a comfort to all to think that "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine," was his final farewell.

He fell asleep in Jesus on Monday afternoon, in the presence of his loving and faithful wife, his son, Daniel, his two sis-

ters, Lydia and Anna, his pastor and intimate friend, Z. T. Livengood, and the nurse. He was brought home on the afternoon train and his family and friends were once more permitted to look upon the form they loved so well.

As a husband he proved all that the sacred vow implies, and none can tell how well he met these obligations but a broken hearted wife. As a father he was equally faithful; a great lover of children, as all the children who knew him will testify. As a citizen, he was of the advanced type; took great interest in the leading public questions of the day, and was well informed upon the subjects of importance, necessary to any loyal American citizen. His Christianity was perhaps more prominent than any other element of his life. He was very conspicuously connected with the development of the Milledgeville and Lanark churches, of which he was a member. He served as deacon for about fifteen years, with much credit to himself and the church. The most striking feature of his religious life was that of song and praise, and none but those who worshipped with him can tell the loss his pastor and people sustain. May his mantel fall upon an Elisha, as did Elijah's, who will be the Leader of Song.

Brother Herrington leaves to mourn his loss a loving and faithful wife, four children, a father and mother, two brothers and five sisters. His memory will be held dear by all who knew him.

The funeral services were held in the Brethren church in Lanark, on Wednesday afternoon, the church being rather small and the attendance was expected to be very large, chairs and benches were placed on brother Levi Lichty's lawn just adjoining the church. There was an immense congregation at the service both in the church and outside. It was one of the largest funeral services ever held in the city. Brother J. O. Talley, of Milledgeville, and elder David Rowland, of the German Baptist church of Shannon, Ill., conducted the services, and the remains were deposited in the City cemetery.

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